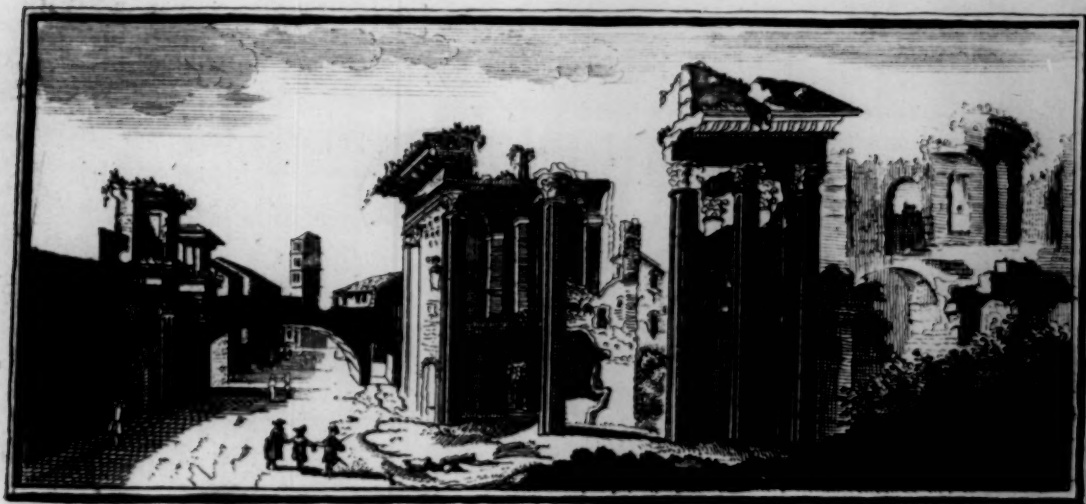


THE
RUINS of ROME.

A
P O E M.

*Aspice Murorum moles, præruptaque Saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta Theatra situ :
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa Cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas ?* Janus Vitalis.



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RUINS OF ROME

P. O. F. M.

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T O T H E
M E M B E R S
O F T H E
R O M A N C L U B,

Whose PROTECTION

The Nature of his Subject encourages him to expect,

The AUTHOR

humbly inscribes

the following POEM.

zdroj: vlastní výzkum



T H E

R U I N S of *R O M E*.



ENOUGH of *Grongar*, and the shady Dales *
Of winding *Towy*, *Merlin's* fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the Love of Arts,
And what in Metal or in Stone remains
Of proud Antiquity, through various Realms
And various Languages and Ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er *Gallia's* woody Bounds,
O'er the Cloud-piercing Alps, remote; beyond
The Vale of *Arno* purpled with the Vine,

B

Beyond

* A Poem on *Grongar Hill*, a fine Situation in *Wales*, published in *Lewis's Miscellany*.

The Ruins of ROME.

Beyond the *Umbrian*, and *Etruscan* Hills,
 To *Latium's* wide Champain, forlorn and waste,
 Where yellow *Tiber* his neglected wave
 Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
 Yet once again, and soar a Loftier flight;
 Lo the resistless Theme, Imperial *Rome*.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent Heap; her Heroes all
 Sunk in their Urns; behold the Pride of Pomp,
 The Throne of Nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
 Ev'n yet Majestical: The solemn Scene
 Elates the soul, while now the rising Sun
 Flames on the Ruins, in the purer air
 Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
 Like broken Rocks, a vast circumference;
 Rent Palaces, crush'd Columns, rifted Moles,
 Fanes roll'd on Fanes, and Tombs on buried Tombs.

Deep lies in dust the *Theban* Obelisc,
 Immense along the waste; Minuter Art,
Gliconian Forms, or *Phidian*, subtly fair,
 O'erwhelming; as th' immense LEVIATHAN

The Ruins of ROME.

3

The finny brood, when near *Jerne's* Shore
Out-stretch'd, unweildy, his Island Length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey-mouldring Temples swell, and wide o'ercaft
The folitary Landfcape, Hills and Woods,
And boundlefs Wilds; while their vine-mantled brows
The pendent Goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly Peril, though the clefted Domes
Tremble to ev'ry Wind. The Pilgrim oft
At dead of Night, mid his *Oraifon* hears
Aghaft the Voice of Time, difparting Tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down dafh'd,
Rattling around, loud thundring to the Moon:
While Murmurs footh each awful Interval
Of ever-falling Waters; fhrouded *Nile*, *
Eridanus, and *Tiber* with his Twins,
And palmy *Euphrates*; they with dropping locks
Hang o'er their Urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-ecchoing Ruins pour their fstreams.

B 2

Yet

* Fountains at *Rome* adorned with the Statues of thofe Rivers.

Yet Here, advent'rous in the sacred search
Of Antient Arts, the Delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful Society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud *Palatin*,
Through spiry Cypress Groves, and tow'ring Pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big Ruins brows,
On num'rous Arches rear'd: And frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful Chasm,
Breathing forth Darkness from the vast profound
Of Isles and Halls, within the Mountain's Womb;
Nor these the Nether Works: All these beneath,
And all beneath the Vales and Hills around,
Extend the cavern'd *Sewers*, massy, firm,
As the *Sibylline Grot* beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the *Sewers* huge,
Whither the great *Tarquinian* Genius dooms
Each wave impure; and, proud with added Rains,
Hark how the mighty Billows lash their Vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their Rocks in vain;

Though

Though now incessant Time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand, since th' indignant Floods
Roar loud in their firm Bounds, and dash, and swell,
In vain; convey'd to *Tiber's* lowest wave.

Hence over airy Plains, by chrystal Founts,
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the flecky pebbles, Agate clear,
Cerulean Ophite, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient Jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And Vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive Stones,
And intermingling Vines; and figur'd Nymphs,
Flora's and *Chloe's* of delicious mold,
Chearing the Darknefs; and deep empty Tombs,
And Dells, and mould'ring Shrines, with old Decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowring Shades
Shot from the crooked Clefts of nodding Tow'rs;
A solemn Wildernefs! With error sweet
I wind the lingring step, where'er the Path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot

O'er Sculptures maim'd has made; *Anubis, Sphinx,*
 Idols of antique guise, and horned *Pan,*
 Terrific, monstrous Shapes! prepost'rous Gods
 Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the Sculptor's hand
 Hewn into Form, and worship'd: as ev'n Now
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths *
 In varied Appellations: Men to These
 (From Depth to Depth in darkning Error fall'n)
 At length ascrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

How doth it please and fill the Memory
 With Deeds of brave Renown, while on each hand
 Historic Urns and breathing Statues rise,
 And speaking Busts; sweet *Scipio, Marius* stern,
Pompy superb, the Spirit-stirring Form
 Of *Cæsar*, raptur'd with the Charm of Rule
 And boundless Fame; impatient for Exploits,
 His eager Eyes upcast, he sores in Thought.
 Above all Height: And his own *Brutus* see,
 Desponding *Brutus*; dubious of the Right,
 In evil days, of Faith, of publick Weal

Solicitous

* Several Statues of the *Pagan Gods* have been converted at *Rome* into *Images of Saints*.

Sollicitous and sad: Thy next regard
Be *Tully's* graceful Attitude; uprais'd,
His out-stretch'd Arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the Silent Masters of the World,
And Eloquence arrays him: There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the Front of war
The pious Brothers; jealous *Alba* stands
In fearful expectation of the Strife,
And youthful *Rome* intent; the kindred Foes
Fall on each others neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace——
Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing Sword,
Their Country calls to Arms; now all in vain
The Mother clasps the Knee, and ev'n the Fair
Now weeps in vain; their Country calls to Arms.
Such Virtue *Clelia*, *Cocles*, *Manlius*, rous'd;
Such were the *Fabii*, *Decii*; so inspir'd
The *Scipio's* battled, and the *Gracchi* spoke:
So rose the *Roman* State. Me now, of these
Deep-musing, high ambitious Thoughts inflame

Greatly

Greatly to serve my Country, distant Land ;
 And build me virtuous Fame ; nor shall the Dust
 Of these fall'n Piles with shew of sad Decay
 Avert the good Resolve, mean Argument,
 The Fate alone of Matter——Now the Brow
 We gain enraptur'd ; beauteously distinct *
 The num'rous Porticos and Domes upswell,
 With Obelisks and Columns interpos'd,
 And Pine and Fir and Oak: So fair a Scene
 Sees not the Dervise from the spiral Tomb
 Of antient *Chammos*, while his eye beholds
 Proud *Memphis*' Reliques o'er th' *Ægyptian* Plain:
 Nor hoary Hermit from *Hymettus*' Brow,
 Though graceful *Athens*, in the Vale beneath,
 Along the Windings of the Muse's Stream,
 Lucid *Ilyffus*, weeps her silent Schools,
 And Groves, unvisited by Bard or Sage.

Amid the tow'ry Ruins, huge, supreme,
 Th' enormous *Amphitheatre* behold,
 Mountainous Pile ! o'er whose capacious Womb

Pours

* From the *Palatin* Hill one sees most of the remarkable Antiquities.

Pours the broad Firmament its varied Light ;
While from the central Floor the Seats ascend
Round above Round, flow-wid'ning, to the Verge,
A Circuit vast and high ; nor less had held
Imperial *Rome*, and her attendant Realms,
When drunk with Rule she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy Caverns, whence out rush'd
Before th' innumerable shouting croud
The fiery, madd'd, Tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and Tigers, Wolves and Elephants,
And desp'rate Men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent !
By frequent converse with familiar Death,
To kindle brutal Daring apt for War ;
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of sore Distress
Impenetrable——But away thine Eye ;
Behold yon *Steepy Cliff* ; the Modern Pile
Perchance may now delight, while That, rever'd *
In antient days, the Page alone declares,
Or narrow Coin through dim cerulean Rust.

* * The Capitol.

The Fane was *Jove's*, it's spacious golden Roof,
O'er thick-furrounding Temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round Sun ascends; and towr'd aloft,
Sustain'd by Columns huge, innumeros
As Cedars proud on *Canaan's* verdant heights
Dark'ning their Idols, when *Astarte* lur'd
Too prosp'rous *Israel* from his Living Strength.

And next regard yon venerable Dome,
Which virtuous *Latium*, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various Deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our World
Majestic Emblem: With peculiar grace,
Before it's ample Orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd Portal; noblest work
Of human skill: Here, curious Architect,
If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, *Angelus*, or *British Jones*;
On these fair Walls extend the certain Scale,
And turn th' instructive Compass: Careful mark

How

The Ruins of ROME.

II

How far, in hidden Art, the noble Plain
Extends, and where the lovely Forms commence
Of flowing Sculpture; nor neglect to note
How range the taper Columns, and what Weight
Their leafy Brows sustain: Fair *Corinth* first
Boasted their Order, which *Callimachus*
(Reclining studious on *Asopus*' Banks
Beneath an Urn of some lamented Nymph)
Haply compos'd; the Urn with Foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the Chapter inform'd.

See the tall *Obelisks* from *Memphis* old,
One stone enormous each, or *Thebes* convey'd;
Like *Albion's Spires* they rush into the Skies.
And there the *Temple*, where the summon'd State *
In deep of Night conven'd: Ev'n yet methinks
The veh'ment Orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours; Ambition sinks her Crest;
And lo the Villain, like a troubled Sea,
That tosses up her Mire: Ever disguis'd,
Shall Treason walk? Shall proud Oppression yoke

C 2

The

* *The Temple of Concord*, where the Senate met on *Catilin's* Conspiracy.

The neck of Virtue? lo the Wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd *Catiline*. O *Liberty*,
Parent of Happiness, celestial born;
When the first Man became a living Soul,
His sacred genius Thou; Be *Britain's* Care;
With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless Mankind; while Yet among her Sons,
Ev'n Yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred Names
Of *Cecil*, *Raleigh*, *Walsingham* and *Drake*.
May others more delight in tuneful Airs;
In Masque and Dance excel; to sculptur'd Stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous Piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary Board:
But Thou, thy nobler *Britons* teach to Rule;
To check the Ravage of Tyrannic Sway;
To quell the Proud; to spread the joys of Peace
And various blessings of ingenious Trade:
Be these our Arts; And ever may we guard,

Ever

Ever defend Thee with undaunted heart,
Inestimable Good! who giv'st us Truth;
Whose Hand upleads to light divinest Truth,
Array'd in ev'ry Charm; whose Hand benign
Teaches unwearied Toil to cloath the Fields,
And on his various Fruits inscribes the Name
Of *Property*: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic Daughters, *Judah* fair,
And *Tyrus* and *Sidonia*, lovely Nymphs,
And *Lybia* bright, and all-enchanting *Greece*,
Whose num'rous Towns and Isles and peopled Seas
Rejoic'd around her Lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) *Ausonia* caught
And plann'd imperial *Rome*. Thy Hand benign
Rear'd up her tow'ry *Battlements* in strength;
Bent her wide *Bridges* o'er the swelling Stream
Of *Tuscan Tiber*; thine those Solemn *Domes*
Devoted to the Voice of humble Pray'r;
And thine those *Piles* undeck'd, capacious, vast,*
In Days of Dearth where tender Charity

Dispens'd

* The public Granaries.

Dispens'd her timely succours to the Poor,
 Thine too those musically-falling *Founts*
 To flake the clammy Lip; adown they fall,
 Musical ever; while from yon blue Hills
 Dim in the Clouds, the radiant *Aqueducts*
 Turn their innumerable Arches o'er
 The spacious Desert, bright'ning in the Sun,
 Proud, and more proud, in their august approach:
 High o'er irriguous Vales and Woods and Towns
 Glide the soft whisp'ring waters in the winds,
 And Here united pour their silver streams
 Among the figur'd Rocks, in murm'ring falls,
 Musical ever. These Thy beauteous Works:
 And what beside Felicity could tell
 Of human Benefit: More late the rest;
 At various Times their Turrets chanc'd to rise,
 When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by *Tiber's* flood, where *Modern Rome* *
 Couches beneath the Ruins: There of old
 With Arms and Trophies gleam'd the *Field of Mars*:

There

* *Modern Rome* stands chiefly on the old *Campus Martius*.

There to their daily Sports the noble Youth
Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed Lance;
To vault the Steed; or with the kindling Wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling Goal;
Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling Breasts,
Strong grappling Arms, clos'd Heads, and distant Feet;
Or clash the lifted Gauntlets: There they form'd
Their ardent Virtues: Lo the bossy Piles,
The proud *Triumphal Arches*; all their Wars,
Their Conquests, Honours, in the Sculptures live.
And see from ev'ry Gate those ancient *Roads*,
With Tombs high-verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame;
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad Flints
Such Crouds have roll'd, so many Storms of War;
Such trains of Consuls, Tribunes, Sages, Kings;
So many Poms; so many wond'ring Realms:
Yet still, through Mountains pierc'd, o'er Vallies rais'd,
In even State, to distant Seas around,
They stretch their Pavements. Lo the *Fane of Peace*,
Built by that Prince, who to the Trust of Pow'r *

Was

* Begun by *Vespasian*, finish'd by *Titus*.

Was Honest, *the Delight of human kind.*
 Three nodding Isles remain ; the rest an Heap
 Of Sand and Weeds ; her Shrines, her radiant Roofs,
 And Columns proud, that from her spacious Floor,
 As from a shining Sea, majestic rose ;
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately Beech
 Around the Brim of *Dian's glassie Lake*
 Charming the mimic Painter : On the Walls
 Hung *Salem's* sacred Spoils ; the *golden Board*,
 And *golden Trumpets*, now conceal'd, entomb'd,
 By the sunk Roof,——O'er which in distant View
 Th' *Etruscan* Mountains swell, with Ruins crown'd
 Of antient Towns ; and blue *Soracte* spires,
 Wrapping his sides in Tempests. Eastward hence,
 Nigh where the *Cestian Pyramid* divides *
 The mould'ring Wall, behold yon Fabric huge
 Whose dust the solemn Antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken Sculptures cast abroad,
 Like *Sybil's* leaves, collects the Builder's Name
 Rejoic'd, and the green Medals frequent found

Doom

* *The Tomb of Cestius*, partly within and partly without the Walls.

Doom *Caracalla* to perpetual Fame:
 The stately Pines, that spread their branches wide
 In the dun Ruins of its ample Halls, *
 Appear but Tufts ; as may whate'er is High
 Sink in Comparifon, minute and vile.

 Thefe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
 Rent of their Graces ; as *Britannia's* Oaks
 On *Merlin's* Mount or *Snowden's* rugged fides,
 Stand in the Clouds, their branches fcatter'd round,
 After the tempeft ; *Maufoleums*, *Cirques*,
Naumachias, *Forums* ; *Trajan's* Column tall,
 From whose low Bafe the Sculptures wind aloft,
 And lead, through various Toils, up the rough Steep,
 It's Hero to the Skies: And his dark *Tow'r*, †
 Whose execrable hand the City fir'd,
 And, while the dreadful Conflagration blaz'd,
 Play'd to the Flames ; and *Phæbus' letter'd Dome* ; §
 And the rough Reliques of *Carinæ's* Street,
 Where now the Shepherd to his nibbling fheep
 Sits piping with his oaten reed ; as erft

D

There

* *The Baths of Caracalla*, a vaft Ruin.

† *Nero's*.

§ *The Palatin Library*.

There pip'd the Shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble Roof *Anchises'* Son explor'd
Of good *Evander*, wealth-despising King,
Amid the Thickets : So revolves the Scene ;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of Pride
From Dust again to Dust : Behold that Heap
Of mouldring Urns (their Ashes blown away,
Dust of the Mighty) the same Story tell ;
And at it's Base, from whence the Serpent glides
Down the green desert Street, yon hoary Monk
Laments the same, the Vision as he views,
The Solitary, Silent, Solemn Scene,
Where Cæsars, Heroes, Peasants, Hermits lie,
Blended in dust together ; where the Slave
Refts from his Labours ; where th' insulting Proud
Reigns his Pow'r ; the Miser drops his Hoard ;
Where Human Folly sleeps. — There is a Mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly Mood of Melancholy,
That wings the Soul and points her to the Skies ;

When

When Tribulation cloaths the child of Man,
When Age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-foothing Sympathy to Pain,
A gently-wak'ning Call to Health and Ease,
How musical! When all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his Throne of Ruins hoar,
With Winds and Tempests sweeps his various Lyre,
How sweet thy Diapason, Melancholy!

Cool Ev'ning comes; the setting Sun displays
His visible great Round between yon Tow'rs,
As through two shady Cliffs; away my Muse,
Though yet the Prospect pleases, ever new
In vast Variety, and yet delight
The many figur'd Sculptures of the path.
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the Traveller
Such antique Marbles to his native Land
Oft hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and state
With *Rome's* august Remains, Heroes and Gods,
Deck their long Galleries and winding Groves;

Yet miss we not th' innumerable Thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the Waste.

Suffice it Now *th' Esquilian Mount* to reach
With weary Wing, and seek the sacred Rests
Of *Maro's humble Tenement*; a low
Plain Wall remains; a little sun-gilt Heap,
Grotesque and Wild; the Gourd and Olive brown
Weave the light Roof; the Gourd and Olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the Vine,
Who drops her purple Clusters through the Green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his Fountain; Here his Laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good Man, the lofty Bard,
Fram'd the celestial Song, or social walk'd
With *Horace* and *the Ruler of the World*:
Happy *Augustus*! who so well inspir'd
Could'st throw thy Poms and Royalties aside
Attentive to the Wife, the Great of soul,
And dignify thy Mind. Thrice glorious Days,
Auspicious to the Muses, Then rever'd,

Then

Then hallow'd was the Fount, or secret Shade,
Or open Mountain or whatever Scene
The Poet chose to tune th' ennobling Rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged Sons of War;
Ev'n the rude Hinds rever'd the Poet's Name:
But now—Another Age, alas! is Ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer Soar,
Unless the Clouds of Care weigh down her Wing,
Since Nature's Stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his Brother; since in vain
The thirsty Pilgrim at the Fountain asks
Th' o'erflowing Wave — Enough — the Complaint disdain.——

See'st thou yon *Fane*? ev'n now incessant Time *
Sweeps her low mould'ring Marbles to the Dust;
And *Phæbus' Temple*, nodding with its Woods,
Threatens huge Ruin o'er the small Rotund.
'Twas there beneath a Figtree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd Swains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O *Quirinus*, and thy *Brother-twin*
Pressing the Teat within a Monster's grasp

Sportive;

* *The Temple of Remulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.*

Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged Wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd Neck and form'd your tender Limbs :
So taught of *Jove*, ev'n the fell Savage fed
Your sacred Infancies, your Virtues, Toils,
The Conquests, glories, of th' *Ausonian* State,
Wrapp'd in their secret Seeds. Each kindred Soul,
Robust and Stout, ye grapple to your Hearts,
And little *Rome* appears. Her Cots arise,
Green twigs of *Osier* weave the slender Walls,
Green *Rushes* spread the Roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the Rocks the gloomy Cave:
Elate with Joy *Etruscan Tiber* views
Her spreading Scenes enamelling his Waves,
Her Huts and hollow Dells and Flocks and Herds,
And gath'ring Swains; and rolls his yellow Car
To *Neptune's* Court with more Majestic train.

Her speedy Growth alarm'd the States around
Jealous; yet soon by wond'rous Virtue won,
They sunk into her Bosom. From the Plough
Rose her Dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,

Yes

Yes to the Plough return'd, and hail'd their Peers ;
For then no private Pomp, no Household State,
The Public only swell'd the gen'rous Breast :
Who has not heard the *Fabian* Heroes sung ?
Dentatus' Scars, or *Mutius*' flaming Hand ?
How *Manlius* sav'd the *Capitol* ? the Choice
Of steddý *Regulus* ? As yet they stood,
Simple of Life ; As yet seducing Wealth
Was unexplor'd, and Shame of Poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the Fields
With various Fruitage ? murmur not the Brooks
Along the flow'ry Vallies ? They content
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe in their easy Taste ; and only sought
To Know their Duties ; There their only Strife,
Their gen'rous Strife, and greatly to perform.
They through all Shapes of Peril and of Pain,
Intent on Honour, dar'd in thickest Death
To snatch the glorious Deed. Nor *Trebia* quell'd
Nor *Thrasymene*, nor *Cannæ*'s bloody field
Their

Their dauntless Courage; storming *Hannibal*
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his *Punic* Shores; 'till *Carthage* fell,
And Danger fled afar. The City gleam'd
With pretious Spoils: Alas Prosperity!
Ah baneful State! yet ebb'd not all their Strength
In soft luxurious Pleasures; proud Desire
Of boundless Sway and feverish Thirst of Gold
Rous'd them again to Battle; beauteous *Greece*,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty Shield; nor could avail
The Sword of *Dacia*, nor the *Parthian* Dart;
Nor yet the Car of that fam'd *British* Chief,
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful Wing
Of Vict'ry dreadful roll its griding Wheels
Over the bloody War: The *Roman* Arms
Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their Foes.

And now the World unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud Security: The crested Helm,

The plated Greave and Corselet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their Arms, the Spear and founding Shield,
But on the glitt'ring Trophy to the Wind.

 Dissolv'd in Ease and soft Delights they lie
'Till ev'ry Sun annoys, and ev'ry Wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry Rain offends;
For now the Frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in Lustiness of heart,
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling Vice
Withers each Nerve, and opens ev'ry Pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry Bow'rs they seek,
(As Æther prompts, as the sick Sense approves)
Or cool Nymphean Grots; or tepid Baths
(Taught by the soft *Ionians*) they, along
The lawny Vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseat air with fond Expence:
Through silver channels glide the fragrant Waves,
And fall on silver Beds chrystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury

Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds Roses, Odors, sheds unheeded Bane:

Swift is the Flight of Wealth ; unnumber'd Wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid Bribe ;
The citron Board ; the Bowl emboss'd with Gems,
And tender Foliage, wildly wreath'd around,
Of seeming Ivy, by that artful Hand,
Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition ; *Tyrian* Garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous Food,
And flavour'd *Chian* Wines with Incense fum'd
To slake Patrician Thirst : For These their Rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale ;
Their antient Rights, their Dignities, their Laws,
Their native glorious Freedom. Is there none,
Is there no Villain, that will bind the Neck
Stretch'd to the Yoke ? they come ; the Market throngs.
But who has most by Fraud or Force amass'd ?
Who most can charm Corruption with his Doles ?

He be the Monarch of the State ; and lo
Didius, vile Us'rer ; through the Croud he mounts ; *
Beneath his Feet the *Roman* Eagle cow'rs,
And the red Arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O *Britons*, O my Countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your Hearts ; the *Romans* once were Free,
Were Brave, were Virtuous. — Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the Rout,
The thoughtless Many : To the wanton Sound
Of Fifes and Drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung *Cæsar*, great and terrible in War,
Immortal *Cæsar* ! lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yeilding skies ! *Cæsar* mean while
Gathers the Ocean Pebbles ; or the Gnat
Enrag'd pursues ; or at his lonely Meal
Starves a wide Province ; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To Dogs and Sycophants : A God, a God !
The flow'ry Shades and Shrines obscene return.

But see along the North the Tempest swell

O'er

* *Didius Julianus* who bought the Empire.

O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their Snows !
 Sudden the *Goth* and *Vandal*, dreaded Names,
 Rush as the Breach of waters, whelming all
 Their Domes, their Villa's; down the festive Piles,
 Down fall their Parian Porches, Gilded Baths,
 And roll before the Storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human Strength, of human Skill,
 Conquest, and Triumph, and Domain, and Pomp,
 And Ease, and Luxury. O Luxury,
 Bane of elated Life, of affluent States,
 What dreary Change, what Ruin is not thine?
 How doth thy Bowl intoxicate the Mind?
 To the soft Entrance of thy Rosy Cave
 How do'st thou lure the Fortunate and Great,
 Dreadful Attraction ! while behind thee gapes
 Th' unfathomable Gulph where *Asbur* lies
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting *Cham*;
 And *Elam*'s haughty Pomp, and beauteous *Greece*;
 And the great Queen of Earth, Imperial *Rome*.

F I N I S